

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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APRIL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

The bright spring days now reappear,
For thou, sweet month of smiles, art here.
Touched by thy potent, mystic wand,
The lilac's velvet buds expand,
And great round drops of plashing rain
Beat loudly on my window-pane.

What dreamy visions round us steal,
When thy soft, cooling touch we feel,
As, winding 'neath the blue expanse,
We catch the magic of thy glance,
And wonder why these loves so
The noisy, toiling world below.

They frown and smile so arch and sweet—
Ah! mortals worship at thy feet—
Unmeet for all that greets thee here,
Thy home should be the starry sphere,
With rainbow crowns upon thy brow,
A peerless queen of beauty thou.

PHILIP MORTON:

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," "THE
QUAKER PARTISAN," &c.

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and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

At the first glint the pursued had turned a little aside towards a thicket, close to the edge of which lay a large tree; behind this they lay down, sheltered in front by the trunk, and completely shaded by the bushes in their rear, which were no closer than to partially overhang it.

They lay here for some minutes, Diahanna, whose eyes had been best trained to seeing in the dark, peering watchfully over the trunk through the crook of a limb which partially concealed his head. As yet, though they could hear the pursuers all around them, and Diahanna had seen three or four of them pass within a short distance, no one had actually approached their hiding place.

He was beginning to hope that it would escape observation entirely, and had formed no very elevated opinion of the capacity of warriors who would leave such a likely place of concealment without a search, when he saw a single Indian, who was passing near, step and look towards it. After inspecting it for a moment, he moved a step or two forward, and then halted, as if debating whether it was worth while to proceed, moved forward again, again halted, and finally, appearing to have made up his mind, came directly towards that part of the tree behind which Diahanna was concealed.

The latter silently withdrew his head and lay at full length, edging himself as far under the trunk as possible, with his long rifle ready in his hand, his companions also lying close. Eli with his cocked rifle in a position for prompt use.

All the other pursuers were at some distance, scattered through the woods, and the solitary Indian advanced slowly towards the tree, while those behind it lay holding their breath and listening, though no one but Diahanna knew for what.

Presently they heard the low grating caused by the Chippewa's hand, and then his knee rubbing against the bark, as he creased over to look behind the trunk; finding that the overhanging bushes interposed his view, he stooped lower, passing his head under the limb behind which Diahanna had been watching him, so as to range his eye along the ground beneath the bushes.

Another instant would have betrayed the fugitives; but before that instant had passed, quick as lightning, the knife of Diahanna dashed up from the groove across the stretched throat, and the Indians Chippewa fell forward across the tree, his head nearly severed from the body. To drag him over out of sight was the work of a moment, and then the fugitives lay still again, knowing at what moments another of their sharp-sighted enemies might take a fancy to examine the place, in which case, discovery would be almost inevitable.

They heard the voices of their hunters from different points, now approaching, now retreating, but still gradually growing fainter and more distant as they widened their circle, thus offering a greater extent of ground, but at the same time leaving wider spaces for the pursued to pass through.

This was so far well, as it increased their chances of passing unobserved in the darkness, but some of their pursuers were evidently between them and the river, and two or three were, apparently, not very far apart and almost exactly in the route to the canoe, which they were very anxious to reach, as the night was wearing away, and to have daylight catch them on the land, with wily enemies all around them, would be certain destruction.

After reconnoitring as carefully as possible, and perceiving no sign of any one near them, Diahanna touched his companions, who arose cautiously and emerged from their place of concealment. The rescued hunter, whose name was Adam Gordon, as soon as he was on his feet, first stretched himself fearfully, and made a series of uncouth doublings and plungings with arms' and legs to work the stiffness out of the joints, a relief he had been longing for from the start, but which he had not before had time to enjoy; he then took possession of the rifle and ammunition of the slain Chippewa, together with his knife and tomahawk, and they started for the river, separating in order to avoid attracting attention from any who might still be near, and dodging from tree to tree, trusting, if seen in the darkness by their pursuers, to being mistaken by them for some of their own party.

They pushed on in this way as rapidly as possible, never losing sight of each other, but never coming together, until they had reached the bank of the river at the rock where Diahanna and Eli had landed before.

The latter had lifted his foot to step out upon the rock from the cover of the bushes to examine the canoe, when he was startled by a sudden exclamation, coming from the spot where it lay concealed. He turned, and the next moment the form of an Indian emerged from the bushes on the lower side, and stepped off from the water under the rock, towing the canoe after him.

Snapping his fingers to examine it, he straightened himself up again, and putting his hands before his mouth, uttered a long ringing whoop, which was instantly answered by a dozen voices above and below along the bank, followed by the rustling of bushes as the hunters plunged through them towards the spot.

There was no time to be lost. By a simultaneous impulse the three men broke from their cover, and rushed in a body upon the military savage before he had time to suspect that any one was near him, using no weapons, but overrunning him and driving hissing and shouting into the water by the score.

The Indian by whom he had the canoe had been jerked out of his hand, and before he could recover himself, or feel certain what it was that had overthrown him, so unmercifully, his companion had sprung lightly into the ticklish craft, and a powerful sweep sent against the rock from Eli's long rifle had sent it dancing thirty feet off into the stream.

As the canoe was shooting out, Diahanna had gathered up the paddles, which, fortunately, his finder had not had time to remove, placed one in the hands of each of his companions, and before it had lost the way given by the first impulse, five rapid, powerful sweeps had sent it some fifty or sixty feet farther out.

They were not far off now; for by this time the rock they had just left was covered with their pursuers, who, though unable to distinguish the canoe with certainty on the dark water, fired a volley in the direction in which they could hear the splashing of the paddles, which the fugitives took no pains to muffle.

Arrived at the fire, it was too well aimed for comfort; for two or three bullets glanced along the water close to the sides of the canoe, while Gordon, seeing a sharp twitch of the hair, and involuntarily raising his hand to rub the spot, found that another had cut off a lock just above his right ear.

"Pretty good, that, for a random shot," he muttered; "keep her steady, Eli, till I see if I can't make a better one," and laying down his paddle, he raised his rifle and fired in the direction of the rock; the sudden roar of yell which arose showed that the shot had taken effect, but the rifles there being empty, it was not returned, and Gordon resumed his paddle.

They held on a direct course until about the middle of the river, and then turning the head of the canoe down the stream, urged it with all speed towards the block-house.

In the meantime one signal yell after another, rang through the air, answering each other from point to point in the direction they were pursuing, leaving no doubt that the forest was alive with hostile savages, and that the block-house was completely besieged.

It was all important that our party should reach the passage leading from the river to the building before dawn, as any attempt to enter it when they could be seen from the shore, would of course betray its existence to the enemy, and thus cut off the grand avenue of escape, reserved to be used only as a forlorn hope, when all other means of escape or defence should fail.

They had traversed perhaps half the distance, when a long mournful howl floated up from the forest and over the water, totally different in character from the fierce yells that had been heard before splitting the night air.

"They've found the varmint you all the threat of up render, chief," said Gordon.

"Mgh!" said Diahanna, with a contemptuous growl, "let 'em go; no find his scalp, anyhow, dat save a Diahanna's girdle."

"By thunder! an it is," exclaimed Gordon, as his companion drew the bloody trophy from the girdle and held it up before him; "I'd never ha' think of anybody's scalp but my own then, if I'd killed forty Indians."

"If it hadn't been for your knife, I reckon I'd 'ad 'em been swingin' at the belt o' one them smugly rampant devils by this time, an' me past thinking or knowin' anything about it."

A light, warning tap from Eli's paddle upon

the side of the canoe stopped the conversation, and in a short time they had reached the mouth of the passage and entered it unperceived. A few minutes more placed them in safety again within the block-house in the presence of the commanding who, with Sexton and Philip, had been anxiously waiting their return.

"But where are Hunt and Foster?" said the commanding.

The story was told by Gordon in one word—

"Dead!"

CHAPTER VII.

There was no need to inquire into the cause of their death. It was too evident to the minds of all present to call for any questions concerning it, and there were enough other matters of pressing importance on hand, without wasting time in useless questions.

"How many Indians were supposed to be out?"

"It was the commandant's first inquiry."

"Three or four hundred, I should think," was the answer. "Injupis Chippewa, Hurons, all within a mile of the block-house. I don't see how we got through at all without stumbling on some of them, for the woods is full."

"This is a pleasant prospect for us, gentlemen," said the commanding, turning to Sexton and Philip; "I suppose we may call ourselves nearly fifty strong, counting the settlers who have come in, and those who accompanied you, sir."

Looking at Philip.

"Rather, it was I who accompanied them," said Philip, "assuredly they would never have found this way here, if they had depended upon me to guide them."

"Well, with the force we have, we might be able to hold the place till assistance could reach us—if we had any means of sending for it—for we have water in plenty, and provisions enough to last for a week or two days, but I'm afraid our ammunition won't hold out."

"I reckon we won't hold out very long after we're cut off," the experienced soldiers said it out," said Eli; "one thing the Indians must learn, is that the settlers don't need much to live on, an' that's not the way we're to live; we're to live on what we can grow, an' we're to have more than that; his kin help, after we git to town, not to fire a shot till they see the man they shoot at, an' not then unless they're mighty sure of hitting 'im."

"Do you think they will attack us at once?" inquired the commanding.

"Well, no, I reckon not," said Eli; "it's most the night daylight, an' they know we're ready for 'em."

"I hardly s'pose they will now, sir," said Gordon, "though I know they mean to."

"How?"

"It was just after sundown, that me an' Eli's Foster blundered right into a squad of 'em as we were skirr' along the river bank; I'll own it, we was careless; but we hadn't seen no sign, and didn't s'pose we was in sight; we was on a trail within twenty miles of town; Eli's Foster were a little ahead, and before they had time to turn, were both tomahawked; I smashed off the butt of my rifle on the head of the foremost as they came at me, an' then tried to run for it; but I was too big to be very spry, an' after I had gone a dozen rods, I had I don't know how many jumpins' on me; I did my best, an' I know I wiped out four or five, but by that time they were pittin' on me like a swarm of bees, an' one razed twined himself between my legs and tomahawked me over, an' then was done."

"They tied my hands behind my back then, an' moved off to where Eli and Storm-Cloud found me. I can understand a little of their jargon, though I didn't tell them on, an' I could make out by it as we were along, that their plan was to git the Bald Eagle—that is here—out o' the way first, an' then wait next day for another party they expected, an' the morrow, sometime between midnight an' dawn, to attack the settlement an' the block-hut at once."

"We heard the first an' yell either side o' the river, but didn't know what to make of it all; bill about sun-up, when four of the Chippewa come in wet an' shivering, and told how sick they'd been headed off; Johnspur, but the others were mad! It was as much as the chief could do to keep 'em from bavin' me. However, it disconcerted their plans, for there was no mistake but word would be brought here as quick as the messengers could bring it. In the course of the day about two hundred more come in, and scattered themselves about in the woods. At night they lied me to the trees, an' you know the rest."

"They can have no hope of surprising us, now, of course," said Sexton; "the question is, whether they'll think themselves strong enough to make an open attack."

"I'm not afraid of an attack; that we can easily repel," said the commanding; "it's a stage; I'm afraid of, with all these women and children to look after and feed, but more than that, on account of the ammunition. I don't believe there's enough in the block-house to last more than twenty-four hours of brisk fighting. It is possible, however, that they may conclude to hold off and try to starve us out. If they do, I am in hopes we will have time to get assistance from the lower settlements."

"How is that to be done?" inquired Morton.

"Only by some one who will volunteer to take the risk; I'll send no one on such an errand."

"I am ready," said Morton.

"And I," said his friend the doctor.

"I am obliged to you both, gentlemen," said the commanding, "but I am afraid that you, sir," turning to Philip, "are hardly old enough a woodman to out-manoeuvre the cunning wolves you would have to deal with; I mean no offence, but it will be best to run no unnecessary risk of failure. You, doctor, we can't spare at all; for I'm very much mistaken if tonight we don't have bullet holes to plug up and cracked bones to set among us."

"I reckon two had better start together,"

said Adam Gordon, "an' I s'pose we an' Eli know the country about as well as anybody here. After we got out o' reach of the red wolves, we can soon gather up enough men to balance accounts a little. What say Eli?"

"Of course we'll go," said Eli, "but we must wait 'till night; as soon's it gets dark enough we must take the canoe an' go out the same way we did afore. Storm Cloud, I reckon you'll go with us an' bring the canoe back, won't you? It'll be o' some kind o' use to us after daylight, an' may be o' some use here."

"Diahanna will go the journey with Bald Eagle and the Buffalo," said the chief quietly, in his own language; "He will not stay behind like a weakling in his hole, while his father goes to danger; he will die under the trees with his father."

Eli looked a little blank at this, but said, in the same tongue.

"Well, chief, we don't mean to die at all, if we can help it; if you go with us, it will only take another fighter from the place where he's wanted, without doing any good, as I bin one." Then unconsciously falling into his own tongue again, he added, in a whisper: "Besides, if you are away, who will watch the dogs outside an' warn us if they try to git into the block-house?"

"My braves..."

"They don't understand the tongue of the Indians; an' wouldn't obey him if they did, without the chief."

The Indian mused for a moment, and then said,

"The Bald Eagle is old, and his words are wise. Diahanna has listened to the spirit that speaks in dreams. He will bring back the canoe and wait beside his father."

"That's right, chief," said Eli, "I know'd you'd listen to reason when it was put straight above you."

"What have you and the Indians been discussing?" said the commanding to Eli.

"Why, he wanted to go with me an' Adam," said Eli; "but I showed him he had to be a good deal more use here, and he's going to stay; you'd better let him have a good deal o' say in matters, an' attend to what he says, too; 'cause, if there's any s'posevements to be done, he'll be the one to do it."

"He shall be prime minister," said the other, perhaps a little ironically, though hardly conscious of it.

Eli, without noticing the tone, went on:

"He's a-goin' out with us to stand by—so we must start by the river—and bring back the canoe so it may be on hand if you should have to leave."

"Heaven send we don't have to, by water, at least! How, in the Penn's time, an' I to not all those nervous women and squealing children safely across the river in one bark canoe?" interrupted the commanding, who was quite as nervous at having the helpless portion of his garrison thrown upon his old bony hands as he charged the women with being.

"Why," said Eli, "there's two more smaller Indians the night; they have twenty good fighters there, an' we'd better rouse them first, an' then pack on to Schwartzmann's, where we can raise about twenty-five more; and by the time we get back to the block from there, I reckon we'll find our work ready out."

The two men then, without wasting more words, struck off from the river into the woods towards Osgood's, which was about two miles off.

All the inhabitants were asleep when they reached the settlement; but Gordon, who knew every family in it, proceeded at once to Osgood's, and began knocking at the door and calling,

"Hello! Osgood; hello there. Git up; you're wanted!"

There was a stir within, and then a sound of a heavy man stumbling across the rough-pine floor, and presently the door was unbolted and partly opened, and a shaggy head was thrust out, the eyes in it blinking and the mouth yawning fearfully.

"What's the matter?" said the owner of the head, sleepily, as soon as the jaws could be got sufficiently near together to articulate. "What's broke loose? Somebody's out git kissin' this time?"

"I'll tell you what's broke loose, Osgood," interrupted Gordon; "the devil, with three hundred of his hags, if there's one!"

"Why, if it ain't Adam Gordon!" exclaimed Osgood, who, more awake by this time, recognized the voice of the speaker; "but what d'ye mean? Is it the Indians?"

"That's just what it is; they're around Harriet's block as thick as beans around a dead stalk. We want you and all the rifles you can muster right away, to go on with us to Schwartzmann's and gather up his force, and be at the block again afore daylight."

Without minding any answer, Gordon seized a long bar which hung just within the door, and drove three sharp, quick blows upon it in rapid succession. After raising a few moments, to blow three more, and then a single long-sustained note, which crashed and echoed through the forest with a booming voice, that brought all the cold-blooded men in the continent to their feet, and made the matrons instinctively clasp their children in their arms.

The last note of the bar, was suppressed before it could die away, by blasts from several different places, and in less than twenty minutes as many men fully armed were collected around Osgood's but waiting for orders.

The whole party started at once for Schwartzmann's residence, but when about half way there, Eli, barking Osgood and Gordon aside, said, "When you get the men together at the next settlement, push straight for the block, without waiting for me or anybody."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

EXORDIUM.—A FAMILY FISHING PARTY.—A FINE
FISH—KATE IN DISTRESS.—A QUEEN MONSTER.—A SURPRISE.—EDITH'S SHOT—TEACHING
HARIBANIA.

I prefer not to make history, or manufacture incidents from imagination, having always under my eye more recorded facts than I should care to offer to readers unfamiliar with countries, customs and people so different from our own, that there are few features of resemblance. To such as shall be pleased to afford us the pleasure of their companionship through Chile, and from Chile northward to the end of our trip, I shall beg them to bear in mind always that it is "South American Civilization" that we are following—not that of the United States, or England, or any civilized country of Europe. That the time occupied in the journey runs through a period of revolutions, overturning of governments, among turbulent, lawless people; and if sometimes we drift upon an unusual, startling adventure—we cannot help that. The fault is not ours. We were not masters of the situation, and such vicissitudes were inevitable.

If my memory is not at fault, our last pictorial performance was in drawing electric eels from a river of *el Poco del Diavolo*. That was a long while ago, and only a half hour's amanuensis at the best. If you please, let us go a sailing on the Pacific side of the land.

We are informed that Prof. Agassiz has discovered above three hundred new varieties of fishes in a single Brazilian river. It is scarcely probable that he could count up as many in sailing out the whole West Coast of America, from Panama to Cape Horn. But if the professor could make it convenient to spend a month in angling in the waters of the Gulf of Guanabara, I am confident he would hook up some most strange queer fishes—something more than *roaches*. There would probably be a necessity for several new classes, orders and families in ichthyological science. Let me go a fishing, and see what we shall hook up.

Our friends the ex-whale killers of Valparaiso, provided a snug, comfortable, fast-sailing schooner, having ample accommodations for our whale party; and as not more than half our number were inclined for fishing, our hosts, with their wives and a majority of sons and daughters, of both families, all expert anglers, supplied the places of our absentees, our Chilean farmer-mERCHANTS laying in a stock of many good things to eat and drink, that Cator said should have lasted the party round Cape Horn.

At two o'clock, A. M., we got under weigh with a brisk northwardly breeze, and an hour after sunrise were snug to an anchor in a narrow nameless bay on the Patagonian side of the gulf, our friends assuring us that it was by far the best fishing ground anywhere along the coast; the only disagreeable drawback being that the Indians were sometimes belligerent, and occasionally there was some sharp skirmishing between them and the Chilean fishermen. But as we all had our rifles and revolvers with us, the schooner had twenty-five good English muskets in her cabin, and a nine-pounder brass boat gun mounted on deck—with plenty of ammunition for both howitzer and musket, it was little concern we gave ourselves on account of the Patagonians, whatever might be their numbers, or disposition towards us.

Within a quarter of an hour after coming to an anchor, every angler, male and female, was in position, and lines were overboard both sides, fore and aft, over the bows, over the taffrail, and the scaly pastime was fully inaugurated.

Femora Minnie had the honor of the first "hook"—only it required a stronger pull than Minnie could command to haul in her fish. A famous handsome fellow, shaped like a salmon, five feet long, weighing a hundred pounds at least—purple, and green, and gold, and all the tints of a beautiful humming-bird on the back—underneath, a clear, bluish white; head a gamboge yellow, striped with brown, and fine and tall as a violet at the cost of a Coldestream guard-man. A most magnificent fish alongside, and very respectable "hook" for a lady.

Our Chilean friends said the fish was an exceedingly rare one, so much so that though they fished a great deal, no one of the family had caught one of the fish in more than two years. The Patagonians called it *Magnus*, and as the Chileans had no name for the fish, either in Spanish or English, they adopted that of the Indians. So Femora Minnie had caught a *Magnus*, a famous one too, and proud enough she was of "first hook."

Directly the fish began to gather underneath the vessel, and rapidly we began to gather them in on deck, and a crazy time we had of it. Fore and aft—starboard and port—over the bows, over the taffrail, there was boar pulling and hauling, splicing, slapping and floundering—but red hot with books, bladders, barrels and hauling up fish by the wholesale, and Cator, the gay young coxswain, running about with single hand, and half dozen hooks to his line, and hauling in his victims by threes and fours.

There were a dozen kinds among our "catch," all line-fishing, and very good, our friends said; the majority however, being a variety of the porcupine, resembling the codfish in shape, but averaging three times the size, one of the dorsal fins and tail being absent, and the fish being colored very nearly like a shark, or lake white-fish, with head and fins a delicate blue pink. The Spaniards of the West Coast call the fish *Pelicanos*. I don't know why—nothing in the least like a *goliath* about the only fish.

After we had been fishing nearly an hour, Mrs. Kate O'Hara at once went into a harrup and St. Vitus' dance, singing out:

"Oh, brother—bless the hook! I've hooked the world, and it's going off with my life, or—here you—O'Hara—Cater—Cosmo—doctor! Do—or me! anybody! The Ogre is pulling me over—he—and! Help!"

There was something serious when Kate O'Hara cried for help, and so everybody dropped lines and ran to the rescue. Yes, there was occasion for an outcry certainly. Some marine monster had laid hold of Kate O'Hara's hook, and was pulling steadily off with it, as if it were an elephant, and Kate in her hurry, having stepped into the sight of the line, there it was, hauled taut around her waist in a round turn, and the sub-marine thing, whatever it was, in its retreat was taking the line steadily out, winding its jolly, companionate kite round and round, hugging her tight against the rail, and squeezing her in a way new, and not quite comfortable.

We soon had the lady free from the line, and

one of the young islanders taking it in his hand, in a moment or two cried out—"El Clascom do mar!" (Queer name for a fish, that, come to think of it now.) However, it might be that—we didn't know. But the young Chileans leaped into a boat along side, taking the line with him, a brother and cousin were in almost as soon, each taking a gaff hook with him. Cator tumbled in a moment later carrying a harpoon and whaling lance, and slowly the young man who had the line, began to round it in hand over hand, until it had the boat plumb over the thing, whatever it might be, at the lower end of the line; when he began cautiously and carefully to haul in, bringing the monster gradually to the surface.

They were seventy-five yards or so from the schooner, so that we could see nothing under the surface, but in two or three minutes there was a break in the water—the two young islanders made a simultaneous grab with their gaff hooks, Cator let drive his harpoon, and then there was a great flurry, and jolly, lively tussle. The fishing line was abandoned, but the gaffs and harpoon held the game, and after warring it a few minutes, and administering two or three vigorous lance thrusts, they quieted the creature, pulled alongside the schooner, and we hoisted *amphibius* in on deck with a tackle.

Upon my word, it was as well named a *row of needles* as anything else. A nondescript marine monster, about seven feet long, three feet broad across the head, and diminishing to about one at the posterior portion of the body—then a flattened, oval tail set vertical like a tadpole's, two-thirds the length of the body, hard shelled, like a terrapin, but almost flat on the back, with two rows of black horny spines, six inches in length, with a button or knob at the top of each, the rows running longitudinally on the creature, looking very much as if there had been so many rows of immense nails driven into the animal's shell.

Underneath, the thing was clad in a thick, horny skin of a muddy white color, full of knobby tubercles. There were two anal, and two long, wing-like pectoral fins, and besides, there were two short tremulant legs springing from the base of the jaw, having broad, fat five good feet, armed with immensely curved claws.

It was an awful mouth the monster had, opening three feet across and two deep, with two rows of formidable sharp-like teeth. And then half way up the flat shell about were two green, glaring, hideous eyes the size of a small tea saucer.

It was an ugly, monstrous, hideous thing, entirely. Perhaps Professor Agassiz, had he been present, would have been able to put the nonentity where he belonged. As for us, we were not a man or woman of the party able to tell whether the thing was a veroturio, radiate, medusæ, cephalopod, animal, ganoid, amphibia, fish or fowl. We guessed it was not a bird, though it was a biped, had rudimentary wings, and could fly, if they had only been feathered, to have made a frigate bird of him. Not knowing what better to make of the monster, we decided to let him remain *of course* more.

We had been so engaged with Kate O'Hara's queer "hook" that we had neither eyes nor ears for anything else, until just at the termination of our inspection, a sudden whirling whirr about our ears, several rapid rat-tat-tat against the bulwarks, set us very wide awake to something in a second. There were a dozen feathered arrows quivering in the bulwarks, a bone pointed shaft was driven through the arm of one of the young islanders, another whipped Edith Bond's shoulder from her head overboard, and Cator was spitted through his blue "jumper," just clear of the nape of his neck, by an arrow, like a turkey-trussed for roasting.

And this home, what a place is it! A furnished house of the worst description, foul, dirty, cheerless, and just now dilapidated! As for anything like quiet or home comfort that is perfectly out of the question. Very few alterations are permitted to be made in its arrangements, and the actual necessities of whole furniture and new carpets must await the pleasure of Congress.

In this house then these ladies are prisoners for four years. They must receive hots of calls from inquisitive and intrusive people, but can have very little chance for any social intercourse. During the season in winter, too, it must be no light labor to stand up for three hours once a week and shake hands with the thousand of people. For the amiable ladies now in the White House honor each other with a shake of the hand.

As for privacy, there is no such thing about the White House, the grounds are rarely free from curious loungers, and if any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to stare at them as if they expected to see something more than ordinary mortals. When the ladies go out to drive, or enter a store for shopping, you can imagine what whispered comments and inquisitive looks they meet.

But if the ladies of the White House are restricted in visiting, the wives and families of other officials suffer from the immense amount of social duties required of them. They must return every call that is made them, and when you think that these amount in many cases to a hundred a week or even more, in the height of the season, you can fancy the labor involved. A visiting list of fifteen hundred names is not unusual, and I met one of these ladies at the door of a hotel the other day, who told me she was there to leave fifty cards.

As for privacy, in the season, each official wife must appear at least once at the house of every person who entertains, besides giving several evening receptions herself, so that it is a small wonder they look utterly worn out after a time.

The impudent and beggarly visitors these ladies are subjected to are also a great source of annoyance. In many instances they are honest by impulse who deserve small consideration, but so many cases of real desolation come under their observation, that a tender-hearted woman is saddened by the sorrows she cannot always alleviate.

There is doubtless much that is exceedingly agreeable in holding these high positions, but I have given this sketch of some of the drawbacks attending them, that those in higher places may rejoice that if they have not so much power they have chances for far more happiness.

In the gay world as present there is almost a total stagnation, the only occupied evenings being Thursday, when Speaker Colfax is at home, and the Marquis de Montebello is at home, and Tuesday the evening of the White House receptions.

The jam there grows more intense as the season advances, and the nights are so fine that people can walk to them. Consequently the crowd is awful. It is a fearful ordeal to make one's way from the cloak room to the red-room, one is pushed, jostled and torn to pieces, and arriving in the sole harbor of the small parlors one is truly thankful to have a moment for rearranging one's dress, and settling one's disorderedaments before entering the President's presence. The awe at first invests these ladies, as being ladies' receptions, seems how to have worn away, and soldiers in their rough blue coats, and hard-handed mechanics press on in a stream to greet their Chief Magistrate. The President now stands just inside the door to shake hands with all comers, while the ladies are placed further back towards the centre of the room, so that they avoid seeing all but those who especially wish an introduction.

There has been quite an excitement here over the lady clerks in the Department. It seems that there are many dissensions among themselves, and recently Mrs. Brewster, who was in the Treasury, published in one of the papers quite an abusive article on their levity of conduct, which, of course, gave rise to much ill feeling. Soon after this she was expelled for

Washington Etiquette.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERNEST.

The etiquette of Washington society is very different from that which prevails everywhere else. Here strangers make the first call on all officials of whatever capacity, though the residents, (who form a small minority) here, as elsewhere, make the first call on strangers. But a lady newly come to Washington must leave the first card here on the wife of the plainest member of Congress, or of a subordinate officer in one of the Departments.

Among these officials towards each other there is a certain strict etiquette; all of course call at the White House, then the ladies of the Cabinet call first on the wives of the Senators, as they are regarded as higher in rank than the Secretaries, on the ground that the members of the Cabinet are merely the advisers of the President, while the Senators are actual law givers. Among those of the same rank the rule is that the family of the newly made Senator or Secretary call first on those of older date.

The wives of the under Secretaries and of the members of Congress call first on Senators and Secretaries; while the families of Secretaries, Senators and members must pay the first visit to the General-in-Chief, though lower officers of the army and navy call first on Cabinet and Secretaries.

Of course the entire body of officials, as well as strangers and residents, call first on the foreign ministers, though the diplomatists must pay the first visit at the White House.

All these rules doubtless appear somewhat complicated, and indeed one has to be here some time before one really comprehends the whole etiquette of fashionable society.

But although to outsiders it may seem that those high in power have an altogether enviable position, a slight inquiry into their actual condition will show that there are many drawbacks to their apparent life of glory.

The ladies of the White House receive, as I have said, all these visits, but are forbIDDEN by etiquette to return any. Neither must they ever accept an invitation to an party of entertainment. Miss Lane was the last lady in that position who ever went out, and she very seldom, while Mrs. Lincoln never went at all; so that now it has become a strict custom that they shall not leave their temporary home for any scene of gaiety.

And this home, what a place is it! A furnished house of the worst description, foul, dirty, cheerless, and just now dilapidated!

As for anything like quiet or home comfort that is perfectly out of the question. Very few alterations are permitted to be made in its arrangements, and the actual necessities of whole furniture and new carpets must await the pleasure of Congress.

In this house then these ladies are prisoners for four years. They must receive hots of calls from inquisitive and intrusive people, but can have very little chance for any social intercourse.

During the season in winter, too, it must be no light labor to stand up for three hours once a week and shake hands with the thousand of people. For the amiable ladies now in the White House honor each other with a shake of the hand.

As for privacy, there is no such thing about the White House, the grounds are rarely free from curious loungers, and if any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to stare at them as if they expected to see something more than ordinary mortals. When the ladies go out to drive, or enter a store for shopping, you can imagine what whispered comments and inquisitive looks they meet.

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some disrespectful remarks about the President. But the troubles did not cease with her departure. There still continued to be such bickerings and disagreements, that in one day twenty-five were sent away, and they say the excitement is not over yet. This is much to be regretted, as the ill-considered conduct of these women may engender a prejudice against all their coworkers.

Birds Protected in France.

Not very many months ago, the French Senate was called upon to deliberate seriously on the best means of protecting small birds, of which the destruction, wantonly carried on by young boys and idle young men—the one through the habitual thoughtlessness of childhood, the other through the idea of "sport"—was becoming a real source of grievance to small farmers and agriculturists. In the course of the debate many curious facts and statements were brought forth, tending to show the absolute benefit and necessity of these winged pilferers of orchards and private gardens, whose services as exterminators of the smaller insect tribes which cause so much devastation to the produce of the farmer are cheaply purchased by the loss of a few bushels of currants, or even more valuable cherries. The purpose of the petitioners was answered: thenceforth the small birds of France were placed under the protecting wings of the gray-headed members of the Senate, and the organ of destruction was checked for a time.

The Hair.

Every one of the present systems of treating deficiency of hair is based upon a wrong principle, and is not dictated by any knowledge of physiological principles. We have but one method in vogue among our barbers and peruke-makers—*shaving*. Now, unless, unless—unless the hair is very great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made so that unless the waste trade—that monster of infamy which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

Reverend.

"The sound of my harp shall haunt your dreams, As I think its cords afar; I play on the harp because it seems A sort of a wild guitar,

"That once was a fiddle, and once a lute, And once has a broomstick been; But is trying, as long as it happens to live, To think it's a tambourine!"

So murmured the minister and so sang he, But he shut up his music book, For the cat in the "airy" at No. 2 Kept singing quite out of tune.

A PATENT WINDOW CLEANER.—An ingenious instrument for cleaning windows of every description has been lately invented by Mr. Sonnen, of Birkenhead, England. It consists of a long wooden rod, with an elbow joint; and the person using it has no need either to stand or even to sit at the window-sill. The long arm is supplied with a nut and double cord, and the short arm has a movable belt on it, to which may be attached a brush, sponge or wash-leather; and by moving the nut up and down, the brush or other article on the short arm is brought in contact with the window panes. The instrument seems to answer its purpose admirably. It is light, portable and cheap.

THE ORIENTAL MUSKETEER.—Prof. Husley, in a recent lecture, gave an interesting account of the order of Syrena, taking as a type the dugong. The professor has no doubt that it was this queer animal that gave rise to the myth of mermaids. The dugong has not a smooth face, its head and back are covered with hair, something like bristles on a pig, and it comes to the surface of the water in the great Indian Ocean (to which it is confined) vertically, not infrequently, if a female, holding to its bosom, with a paw, an infant, the mamma being two in number, and large and rounded. The veritable mermaid, without doubt.

AN INSANE SWINNIE.—The French police lately captured an ingenious rogue. He employed a young daughter to make drawings for him of the newest articles exposed for sale in jewellers' shop windows, and immediately had these imitations made of base metal. He would then pretend to wish to purchase the articles, and have them sent to his hotel, ostensibly for the purpose of showing them to his wife, when he had only to change them for the counterfeits which he had made.

A LITERARY FIX.—Miss Amelia E. Edson has "got into a literary fix" by not consulting a barrister before arranging the legal framework of her new novel, "Half a Million of Money." The whole story hinges on her husband's coming into possession of a long accumulating sum of money conditionally bequeathed to any male heir of the writer who might be living after one hundred years. Such a thing turns out to be impossible under the English law.

THE UNITED STATES.—The total area of the United States is three millions two thousand and thirteen square miles, while the area of all Europe is but three million eight hundred and thirty thousand one hundred and thirty square miles.

GIFTS.—"It will not do," says Sir Sidney Smith, "to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting them. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years; but at present a man waits and dotes and hesitates and consults his brother, and his mother and his first cousin, and his particular friends; till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousin, and his particular friends that he has no time left to follow their advice."

A YOUNG AMERICAN LADY.—A young American lady, brought up in the Christian faith, joined the Jewish church at Chicago a few days ago.

THE INFECTED FROG.—We have often seen the bodies of the lady clerks in the Department. It seems that there are many dissensions among themselves, and recently Mrs. Brewster, who was in the Treasury, published in one of the papers quite an abusive article on their levity of conduct, which, of course, gave rise to much ill feeling. Soon after this she was expelled for

The Slave Trade.

Dr. Livingston in his new book on Africa, describes the cruelties practiced by those who, in spite of the opposition of the civilized world, continue the slave trade on the eastern coast of that continent. It is conducted principally by half-caste Portuguese, who are revolting specimens of humanity. One of their number recently resorted to the atrocious practice of spearings his captives with his own hands for the purpose of inspiring terror. On one occasion he killed in this way forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. The wanton sacrifice of human life by these traders is dreadful. The great African explorer gives it as his "deliberate opinion that not one-fifth of the victims of the slave trade ever become slaves. Taking the Shire valley as an average, not even one-tenth arrive at their destination." Passing through a territory that had been subjected to a slave raid, he thus describes the desolation caused by the perpetrators of the "trade of hell."

"Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painful to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river; and the dead lay in their huts, with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpses, with the poor rags round the heads—the skull fallen off from the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months before a well populated valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that unless the slave-trade—that monster of infamy which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

APRIL.—In April the late war commenced, and April is ended. On the 12th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and on the 17th the Sixth Massachusetts who attacked in Baltimore. On the 24th of April, 1861, Gen. Grant took possession of Richmond; on the 26th Lee surrendered, and on the 14th President Lincoln was murdered.

GEORGE IV.—In the latter part of his life, he was in the habit of quoting the Duke of Wellington as a witness to the statement that his majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. Wellington's answer on such occasions invariably was—"I have often heard your majesty speak of that before."

EDWARD.—A minor who lately came from Virginia says—"Come, Bob, say, what did you do by your speculation?" said a friend to his companion. "Clear!" answered Bob, with a frown, "I won't tell you what I did."

SHOOTING.—Shooting is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid griffins, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it

The Fourth Book of the *Enide* of Virgil

Done into Modern American.

But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
Woke up, and gaped, and looked and said,
"What work!"

Mercury, my son, put on your shapè, quick,
And drop on Carthage city like a streak;

Knife is there hanging around Dido:
I want to know what he means by it, I do!

Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy,
Or if he doesn't, I'll larrup him most mighty."

So Hermes put his winged India rubber on,
And ere you could ejaculate Jack Robinson,

In faced the Trojan, booy as a bee,
Repairing Dido's wash-tub, — and says he,

"Now drop that hammer like a hot potatoe,

And put your feet to sea — that's what's the
matter!"

The false o'erlain that you get up a nation.
Whose fame and power shall ring through all

Creatures.

And Jove says if you don't obey this message
He'll knock you stiff in a boloney cage.

Draw a heel-line for Latinum, and be spry!"

With that he vanished in the sky-blue sky.

A shiver ran through Caesar's muscles.

His spines were stuck in his chattering

fanciees,

The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig

Likè quills upon the frosty porcupine;

He wants to go and then again he doesn't;

"The situation" is indeed unpleasant,

At length he calls his comrades — heave Sesame,

Achaze, Porter, Farragut, Longstreet —

And they fly out their gun-boats on the sly,

To run the sharp blockade of Dido's eye.

But Dido guessed the Trojan stratagem,

And like a fury thus belabored him;

"Oh you perfidious villain! will you play

This knavish game all unbeknownst to me?"

Will not our love, will not my given hand,

Will Dido's tears not stay my love in my land?

Will you attempt the winter winds to brave?

And spread your sails upon the treacherous

waves?"

Where hungry sharks are nollicking and snarling?

Where Cappo Sommes will gobble up my dancin'?

It is the great grief which now my bosom wrings,

By love, and truth, and virtue, and all them

things,

I promise, I do abjure you, to relent,

For if you don't I certainly shall faint."

Says Jove, "I am your most obedient,

But to stay here don't seem to be expedient;

Far may I wander on the earthy ball,

But dismember you I never shall;

But if the court do understand herself,

(And she presumes she do,) that little elf,

Anasina, is foreordained to found

A first class empire on Italian ground.

I don't exactly like to stay away,

But then again, I've not agreed to stay;

The ghost of my progenitor, Anchises,

Each night besets my troubled couch arias;

And the gods command me to get out of this,

And paddle off to find new destinies."

"Oh, monsieur!" cries the disappointed woman,

No goddess is thy mother, nor no human,

But thou wast born out of the flinty rock,

And few Hymenaeus tigers gave thee stock!

Now, now, great Jove, see this savage creature,

He didn't exhibit one redeeming feature!

I found him poor and hungry as a grubock,

I dined and wine'd and toasted him from way

back,

Got up a supper, led his lousy crew,

And heard his egotistic varc clear though!

You talk about obeying Jove's decree —

Happendee! what a pious man you be!

Well I go and leave me lame and destitute —

I will not argue with such a brute —

But if the gods are worth a single nickel,

I hope they'll give you an eternal pickle!

And my indignant ghost, when I am dead,

Shall ride your omniscience like a pig of lead!"

Completely overcome with pain and passion,

She fainted in the most disgusting fashion.

The screaming maidens hear their prostrate

queen.

Upon a bed with many silk counterpanes,

These read the homely book, while those

Hold a cimicis jar to her pallid nose.

When in the morning from the palace towers,

She saw his limping sole and fleshy ear,

She tore her golden locks in anxiety,

And pounded on her breast tremulously.

"Prost! Jupiter, shall this man give over?"

Spread wide' bring firebrands I ah, what do I

say?"

Why did I not revenge me while he stayed,

I might have found his fine-savet with my blade,

Decouped his prodded boy while I was abe,

And truncaised his for his father's table!

But now I write in importun dismay!

While he goes—(die he) on his heaviest way!"

Her blushing eyeballs roll white thus she

speaks.

And purple spots suffuse her quivering cheeks.

She moves with wild impetuosity,

A funeral pace, seven hundred feet high,

Of course standing erect at about ten cords,

And those promenades there were latitudes.

"Behind, I go the way of all mankind;

I've done the work by champion! Fair assigned,

Precious a city, even my friends laid to

O that the Trojans had not touched my shores!"

With these remarks the deadly dirk she graine,

And seeks herself several powerful jets,

Forth leaps the belling life-blood, and the crowd,

Their fallen queen survey, with clamor loud.

Lord clamors and loud lamentations rise,

There through the city, and assault the skies.

There she supports herself upon her elbow,

And strains her eyes to see her infant home —

There does she seek the blazing light of day,

And having found it, gazing, turns away.

Then Jove, playing her agency,

Sent his dove, the struggling soul to free.

The dove lies, on her soft wings,

With measured radians undulations,

Soar through the vapors, with immorial speed,

And stand above the death-dead hand.

"This look to Pinto's realms I bear away,

And now release thee from this ruined clay."

So saying, she cut the lock of golden hair,

And left departed on the righteous air.

— Wissard Herald.

"If a man wills you a farm, it is his duty

to die without delay; for when right lies he,

a Christian, to deter you from the present land!"

Taken by the Brigands.

I

We were returning to Lucca, in the heel of Italy, from the baths of St. Caterina, in the Romagna, where we had been to seek health and pleasure at its life-restoring waters. On landing from the steamboat at Brindisi, we were told that we must not think of proceeding on our journey at present, as the brigands were in full force in a wood close to the road along which we must pass to reach home.

We were, of course, all anxious to get home, and began to think about ways and means to defy the brigands, so as to achieve our end. Our carriage had been ordered to meet us at Brindisi, but the prefect had been obliged to take them to send forward some soldiers to St. Pietro Veronese; therefore there was no alternative but to wait. Our party would consist of three carriages, besides those which would carry the baggage, and we hoped that, hearing we were suddenly absent, those men would retire into their caverns, and that we should be able to pass in safety. Another motive for especial care was that in the carriage, or carriage, as it will be denominated, eighty barrels of the new copper money for the Neapolitan States, which would be a great temptation to the brigands should they get knowledge of it in any way, as was not altogether unlikely, for all the coaches and postillions of the diligences had spies in their interest.

We found, however, that the brigands had been burned, with all the people in it, we thought there was more hope that the road would, for a time at any rate, be free. So we mounted to our places in the carriages, till concealing our anxiety, and set out on our journey.

Our road lay through a beautiful and luxuriant country, which to many of us was new and the sweet soft air and brilliant sunshines had its effect upon us, for we became calmer, as we did not when in company with nature.

Besides, we felt that each mile brought us nearer to our homes.

But also our calmness was of short duration.

At each town we were advised, "Guardati dai briganti!" Take care of the brigands, and, with the usual love of the marvellous and dreadful, were told of some fearful cruelties done by these "galantissimi." But now we must proceed, whether or no, unless we were to turn back; so, with trembling hearts, but brave faces, we prepared ourselves for the worst.

I would not believe in the danger.

My husband was an invalid and half blind, and, being impatient to get him home, I persuaded the coachman to impress his pace, so that our party was soon a good step in advance of the other carriages. Presently we lost sight of them, and also of our escort. We afterwards found that they were detained by an accident to one of the wheels of the carriage which contained the money.

We proceeded on our way, and were about seventeen miles from Lucca when, on nearing a part of the road skirted by a dense wood, a confused sound of voices met our ears and lo, in one moment, we were surrounded by a number of those most dreaded brigands!

Horror took possession of us; some of the women shrieked, and the men commenced praying to their patron saints.

Of the whole of our company, there was only one who had any kind of arms, which were deemed unnecessary, as the soldiers and National Guards who accompanied the convoy, and from whom we had on a suddenly separated ourselves, were considered enough for our safety.

Indeed, our company consisted chiefly of women and children; so that our dismay may be better imagined than expressed.

The brigands advanced to the carriages, and, opening the doors, desired us all to alight, assisting the ladies. To those who drew back in fear, a loud "Obedite mi!" (Obey me!) was sufficient to gain a speedy compliance, in the hope of being treated kindly.

I would not believe in the danger.

My husband was an invalid and half blind, and, leading me to a sort of rude seat, soon prevented him from acting.

Therefore, when the brigand desired me to alight, I gave him my hand, which he detained, and, telling me not to fear, led me forward into the wood.

My husband followed us close as he dare when the rest, with their express, hopped up the rear.

Our hearts beat with a terrible apprehension as we saw ourselves thus surrounded by fierce-looking bandits, each of whom was armed, as we say, to the teeth. It was really a pitiful scene, these men, who seemed to have no scruples, holding their sabres to their breasts, brandishing the bands of their wives, with the fierce determination of deer to protect their dear ones to the last, whilst the upturned eyes and quickly-moving lips told of the prayer breathed to Almighty God in this hour of need.

We all looked at each other, not knowing what to expect next. It was nothing to us that the place was of the most romantic beauty; that the mountain side was dotted in the distance with vine-covered cottages; that under our feet, on the moist green grass, grew the most charming flowers. We could not note these things, although we remembered them afterwards.

The brigand, still holding my hand, looked at me with the bold, impudent eyes of a conqueror, and, leading me to a sort of rude seat, soon prevented me from acting.

He was all this time keeping as near to me as he possibly could, and to reason how I effaced a treasury.

He was far from feeling, whilst I said to him in English, "Do not fear for me, dear Edwards.

I do not think he will do as any harm; he looks something of a gentleman," little thinking of what great woes these words would prove to me.

My surprise can only imagine when the brigand answered me, in very good English, "Yes, big nigger Ingles, all depends on your obedience to my orders. I have this" (taking a pistol from his belt) "with which I silence all who do not obey me."

My poor heart stood still, for he had approached the pistol so close to my temple that the inner shoulder of mine, as I turned, might have blown my brains out.

I however turned round, and, with all the coolness I could command, told him that I had every confidence in his good feeling, as I was quite sure that he did not make war against women and children; and I ended by complimenting him on the way in which he spoke English.

The water is on Kingfisher-water, and the ho-

"You are a brave girl," said he; "and, after I have given some orders to my men, I will return and walk upon you myself; but, *quai!* If you try to get away from me, or fail to obey the orders I give to you!"

He proceeded to join his companions, with whom he remained some time in conversation; they not agreeing with him as to how we were to be treated, as was very evident from the dark looks which the men turned to our party. In the meantime I was endeavoring to recover as much as possible my spirits, and thus reassure my husband, whose apprehensions were all made worse inasmuch as he could see very little of what was going on. I did not dare to move from the place where the brigand had left me, but I drew the attention of my husband by making that very peculiar sound of the lips which I had learned on the mountains, which the Indians use to discover their whereabouts to their companions. He heard me, and approached me as near as he dare, for me to speak to him.

"What are they going to do with us, my wife?" said my husband.

"They are going to rob us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to kill us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to burn us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to drown us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to hang us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to shoot us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to stab us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to burn us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to drown us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to hang us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to stab us, my husband," said he.

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"They are going to drown us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to stab us, my husband," said he.

"They are going to burn us, my husband," said he.

STAGE ANECDOTES.

"Let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." True, O Shakespeare! *Giggling* is a pitiful vice; but it has kept the stage, and will keep it, protest as we may. Some of the funniest bits in the *Critic*, as acted, are not to be found in any printed copy of that admirable burlesque; and we are vastly mistaken if that popular nobleman, my Lord Dundreary, is not almost entirely a creature of *gag*.

When O'Neill's company played at Dundalk, an influential patroness commanded *Pizarro*, and the manager was compelled to engage a Rolla from Dublin for the occasion. He did not think it necessary to make the "star" aware that the state both of treasury and wardrobe forbade the employment of the usual force of supernumeraries; so, when the representative of Attila's army appeared on the scene, Rolla was paralyzed with astonishment, and stopped short in his invocation. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed: "What all this but that? Come, then, my brave associate, ha!"—piece of gag pardoned under the circumstances.

Hardly so exasperating was that perpetrated by Emery in the same play at Drury Lane. The rising of the curtain had been delayed beyond the usual time; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble, in no very good temper, informed the house, that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performances—being the sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have." "Hast thou children?" "I have two this morning. I have got three now." Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night at least Emery was the hero of the play. Equally successful in bringing down the house by illegitimate means was an actor who, playing *Bartabas* as a report, appealed to the sympathies of his nautical listeners by exclaiming:

Did not I,
By that brave knight, Sir Sidney Smith's assassin,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Dove Boucarter and all his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?

"Let me play *Catesby* to your Richard," said a master tailor with a soul above button, to George Frederick Cooke, "and I will make you a coat for nothing." The bargain was struck. Catesby got on well enough till he came to the test scene, but making on the stage at Richard's challenge of "Who's there?" he was so startled by the great actor's glance, that he stood rigidized, only able to stammer out: "We, I, my lord, the early village cock;" and there he stood fast, while the people shouted with delight, and Cooke growled out: "Why the don't you run then?"

An interpolation of Quin's brought him into serious trouble. Playing *Cato* at Drury Lane, Williams, who acted the messenger, in delivering the sentence: "Cesar sends health to Cato," gave such a peculiarly ludicrous pronunciation to the last word, that Quin indignantly replied: "Would he had sent a better messenger." This enraged the Welshman, that he challenged Quin, who tried to laugh his master out of his position. Williams, however, was determined to revenge his outraged dignity, and attacked Quin as he was leaving the theatre. The latter was obliged to draw in self-defence, and the hot-headed Welshman paid for his folly with his life.

Prologues are never heard now a days, but playgoers used to resent their omission, and it took some time to reconcile them to the new fashion. When *Cato* was revived at Covent Garden some years ago, it was resolved to dispense with the prologue. Mr. Wiggett, as *Portia*, was suffered to pronounced his opening lines:

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day—
and then cries of "Prologue, prologue!" ring through the house. Unfeigned by the speaker, the actor, without pausing or changing his voice, went on—

Ladies and gentlemen, there has been no
Prologue spoken to the play these twenty years.
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and Rome!

which tickled the fancy of the audience, that they allowed the play to go on without further interruption. Still better and worse was the Nottingham manager's speech as *Richard III*.—

Hence, bethinking dreams: you threaten here in vain.

That voice in the bower my ear has got in hollow
pages.

Richard's missed again!

Nor did the meaning of Shakespeare's text stand in Skeet's *Kimber's War*; when he wanted to rebuke a noisy company of the bears at the Dublin Theatre, who assailed Beaufort by applauding everything, and did it by making *Beaufort* answer *Kimber*: "Till these bears call the bear off this bear, and that bear off the bear in the bear's powder, but offend your lungs in vain."

Some of the most original interpolations have come from the audience itself. When Springer Harry's *Romeo* drew all the town to Covent Garden, in *Julius Caesar*, used to play the same character at Drury Lane. On the first occasion of his doing so, upon the two Mrs. Julius extolling: "O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" a good-humored auditor said: "Garrick the economist of replying, by calling out: "Romeo, Harry is gone to the other house." Dear Oliver Goldsmith once made honest suggestions by expressing his opinion of a play too audibly. He had just quarrelled with the great actor-manager, and went to Drury Lane to "see" at the production of a new tragedy called *The Cossacks of Solothurn*. The plot ran very patiently through four weary acts, but when the sloughing commenced, he could bear it no longer, to rise from his seat, shouting: "Borrowing! Borrowing! by God!" and hurried out of the theatre. Buried, in his Autobiography, relates a good story of Haynes the painter. "One evening I was playing *Harry* in the *Lyceum* Fair at Plymouth, when my friend Benjamin Haynes and his wife sat in (R. H.)

were in the stage box, and on my repeating the words: 'I have had nothing to eat since last Monday was a fortnight,' young Haynes exclaimed in a tone audible through the house: 'What a whopper! You died at my father's house this afternoon.' The same actor is also responsible for the following: "Our principal actress, a Mrs. Kirby, playing Queen Anne, inquired very plausibly:

Oh, when shall I have rest?

A ruthless grocer started up in the pit and shouted out: "Not till you have paid me my one pound one and tenpence, ma'am." Quite a matter of fact in his way was the Yankee who, strolling into a theatre on the evening of the arrival of the news of the fall of the Crimea, strongbold, could not hear Hamlet's complaint:

I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'crosses my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England—
without easing his mind by shouting across the pit: "Die away, old horse!" *Sebastopol's* taken" —a piece of gratuitous information that probably surprised the representative of the Danish prince, as much as an English *Othello* was astonished by a girl tumbling from gallery to pit as he pronounced the words:

This like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

Stage-managers are often nearly driven out of their wits by perverse super's, who will mislead them in their instructions, like the stage curiosities who received Quin as *Coriolanus* with a succession of groans now, because he had told them to lower their faces when he appeared, and Mr. General Utility is apt to bring down curves, not bold but deep, upon his unlucky head by marking the leading actor's most effective scenes. At a rehearsal of the banquet-scene in *Macbeth*, the "first murderer," spite of Macready's adjurations, persisted in walking down to the centre of the stage, and thereby entirely hiding *Macbeth* from the audience. The tragedian impatiently called for a carpenter, a brace-headed nail, and a hammer. The carpenter came. "Do you see that plank there? Drive the nail into that spot." It was done. "Now, sir," said to the "murderer"—"I am at that nail. Come down to that spot, and mark another—and was there all the time?" Then I'll translate it for you." (Cries of "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you.") "I obey, the correspondence shall not be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, the stone is here—you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my parsons, and have a right to demand it!" Crash went the board again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense pile of sand-rock, labeled "This is the stone." That was something, any rate; the audience cheered, *Elliston* bowed, and disappeared.

In after-years, he had often to employ his eloquence upon his rough friends on the other side of the water. Surrey audiences, at least in those days, were somewhat of the noisiest; how to talk to them, they had told him; and when he talked to them, they might be judged from the following speech, delivered when the crowded state of the gallery rendered the rods more uproarious than usual. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty of addressing you. It is of rare occurrence that I deem it necessary to place myself in juxtaposition with you. When I heard the words *read German!* If so, would he honor me by stepping forward?" This was too much; *peals* of laughter rang through the house. "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you." (Cries of "No, no, go on, *Elliston*!") "I obey, the correspondence shall not be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, the stone is here—you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my parsons, and have a right to demand it!" Crash went the board again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense pile of sand-rock, labeled "This is the stone." That was something, any rate; the audience cheered, *Elliston* bowed, and disappeared.

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The most experienced actor is apt to find his tongue rarely at stilt, and playing strange tricks with the text. The following curious colloquy took place between Quin as *Balance* and Peg Woffington as *Sylvia* in the *Swallowing Officer*:

—Sylvia, how old were you when your mother was married?

—W. H. sir?

—Pshaw, I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?

—I regret, sir, I cannot answer your question—but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died.

—Pshaw, I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?

—I am, sir, I suppose, as old as you are.

—Sure, the "murder" had to give his royal employer a wide berth for the rest of the evening.

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—Sure, the "murder" had to give his royal employer a wide berth for the rest of the evening.

The art of apologetics is well worth the study of any actor who hopes—and what actor does not—to be a manager. To be able to put folks in a good-humor who have reason to be in a bad mood, is a valuable accomplishment, and one or two comedians we *are* of adepts in the art, making the anger of the gods as contemptible as the snow. But some ludicrous apologetics have been made from the stage. Jack Johnson, being called upon to sing the hymn of *Shakspeare*, stepped forward to do so; but when he should have commenced, stood silent and motionless. At length, when the audience showed signs of impatience, Jack announced them as addressing them thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I sang the song as often, that, be my soul, I cannot recollect how it begins." Quin, who deserved and deserved theatrical dangers, had thrust upon him the disagreeable task of examining the non-appearance of a popular dame, and excused it by saying: "I am desired by the manager, to inform you that the dame intended for to-night is obliged to be omitted, on account of Madame Hayes having dissociated herself." *Hayes* had been her name! The was bold, but not so bold as the speech made by a certain actress, who, in consequence of some scandalous story being about town, was removed with a storm of abuse. As she entered, the matron audience were earned their applause.

A CRIMINAL NUMBER.—The following is the manner in which the Chinese learn their tales to sit in a chair. They are not allowed to attempt the feat until they are four months old; on that day the maternal grandmothers visit them, carrying with her presents articles of food and clothing, a kind of chair, and a quantity of marmalade candy. At a suitable time during the day the soft marmalade candy is put in the seat of the chair on rollers. The child is then put in the chair, so as to sit down on the candy, which rests in the chair for the time being. This is done in order that it may have to sit in the chair, and not require to be carried very much in the arms of the nurse or mother. We imagine that *Yankee* babies would prefer to have the candy passed before them, so that they could apply it internally.

A TYPE SET IN MACHINE IN ENGLAND.—Hall's type-setting machine has been in operation for the past six months in the office of a newspaper in Hull, England. It is said that the use of this machine a clever compositor can set up and read, at the rate of between three and four thousand types per hour, and that a much larger number per hour can be set up by those better accustomed to the manipulation of the machine. It should be understood that the English method of measuring type is by the "p." instead of the "m." or "l." being considered the average size of the letters of the alphabet. The English machine, therefore, sets about one-half the amount per hour which is accomplished by the *Athenaeum* machine, an American invention.

EXPOSITION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—On the 1st of January last there were 22,000 white visitors and 62,000 colored visitors in the exposition of the United States—118,000. During the three months which will end on Saturday, over 40,000 of these visitors have been admitted, and orders have been issued by which many more will receive their discharge by the 1st of April. Should the mounting out be continued, there will not be a sufficient number on duty by the middle of May, with the exception of a few on the Plains, and they will then give way to regulars.

THEATRE.—A charity scholar, under examination in the *Faculties*, being asked, "What is the pleasure that walks in darkness?" replied,

Please, sir, bed-tugs.

THEATRE.—A doctor friend of mine met one of his old acquaintances a short time since in a crowd,

and saluted him as is often done by others,

—Why are you alive yet?

—Oh, yes, doctor,

was the reply. "I never took that last medicine you left for me."

Legal Decisions.

The Wisconsin Legislature has formally considered a proposition to abolish all laws for the collection of debts. The mover of the bill, Mr. Elmore, is a sensible man, as evinced by the following extract:

"The speaker proceeded to review the present system of collecting debts. It was all a humbug and a cheat, a matter of technicalities and legal shuffling. Lawyers give advice in order to obtain fees and encourage litigation. Judges made blunders and mistakes. He had a little experience in law, and that was rich. (Laughter.) He would give a history of it. The speaker then related how he had purchased a yoke of oxen about fifteen years ago—paid fifty dollars for them—a few days after, the son of the man of whom he had bought the oxen came to him and said the oxen were his. He insisted on having me pay over again, and commenced suit before a justice. The jury didn't agree. Finally, through the Wisconsin Justices of the Peace, the case went against him. He appealed to the Circuit Court in Milwaukee. There I lost again, and said to my lawyer I will give you ten dollars to quote Pennsylvania law to Judge Miller, and get another new trial ordered. (Great laughter.) He took the ten dollars and performed his duty.

"A new trial was then granted, and the venue changed to Walworth county. Judge Irwin was then the Judge. Any man who wanted to gain the cause in his court had either to be boasting with him and let the Judge close all the game that was shot, or else pat his dog. (Laughter.) I fed that dog with crackers. (Renewed laughter.) The case was decided in my favor. When I heard the decision, I thought the dog had followed me about long enough—I turned around and gave him a kick. The yelp of the dog had hardly subsided, ere I heard the Judge say, 'Mr. Clerk, this judgment is set aside and a new trial granted.' (Great laughter.) My Speaker, that stick cost me \$200!" (Convulsive laughter.)

"In after-years, he had often to employ his eloquence upon his rough friends on the other side of the water. Surrey audiences, at least in those days, were somewhat of the noisiest; how to talk to them, they had told him; and when he talked to them, they might be judged from the following speech, delivered when the crowded state of the gallery rendered the rods more uproarious than usual. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty of addressing you. It is of rare occurrence that I deem it necessary to place myself in juxtaposition with you. When I heard the words *read German!* If so, would he honor me by stepping forward?" This was too much; *peals* of laughter rang through the house. "Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you." (Cries of "No, no, go on, *Elliston*!") "I obey, the correspondence shall not be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, the stone is here—you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my parsons, and have a right to demand it!" Crash went the board again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense pile of sand-rock, labeled "This is the stone." That was something, any rate; the audience cheered, *Elliston* bowed, and disappeared.

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"The next time, sitting in my quiet room, beside our blazing hearth, for my full heart, Which thou canst read, like an unsealed book, Would open out to thee, and would impart Its tale of mystery. I mimic thy smiles That win and meet my own; thy cheerful voice That thrills with sudden music, and beguiles; I miss the thoughts that make my own repose—

I miss thy merry joys, and thy dear eyes
Bending round the pure light of love—
All, all I miss that I so fondly prize.
How dear thou art each absence short doth prove;

Then hast thou gone; the world grows all too wide,

And life too blank, till thou art by my side.

THE ABSENT HUSBAND.—An English paper says the trichina cannot live at the temperature of boiling water, so that thorough cooking, by boiling, of infected pork, is all that is required to render it harmless. This reminds the Hardwood Press of the old lady's advice, "Always eat your chestnuts boiled, my son. Bad worms don't never hurt nobody."

MR. JEREMY BENTHAM.—It is right that the conduct of the nineteenth century should be determined, not by its own judgment, but by that of the eighteenth, it will be equally right that the conduct of the twentieth century should be determined, not by that of the nineteenth, but by that of the eighteenth. And if the same principle were still pursued, what at length would be the consequence?—that in process of time the practice of capital punishment would be at an end. The conduct and fate of all men would be determined by those who neither knew nor cared anything about the matter, and the upper body of the living would remain forever in ignorance of the moral condition of the lower.

THE DEATH OF A MORNING BISHOP.—Bishop is thus pronounced. He was thirty-seven years old, and was an interesting family of seven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death.

PEACE CORPS.—The House describes the House of Commons as "The Modern *Barbican*."

THE ROCKLAND DEMOCRAT.—Speaking of the fact that fall there recently, that the man who said March was "going out as a lamb," had in his mind this date of

—Benjamin Franklin left to the city of Boston, in trust, for the benefit of poor apprentices. Hon. William Minor, who has been treasurer of that fund for fifty-five years, has resigned. In his hands it has increased from about \$9,000 to a sum exceeding \$111,000.

THE FOUNDER OF THE LIBRARY.—The practical library of Abraham. The great secret of life and that character, talents, virtues and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, peacock, and rich soups. I have often thought I could eat or starve men into many virtues and vices and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cruelty than those that could do it with love.

THE GREAT APPLIANCES.—The great secret of life and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, peacock, and rich soups. I have often thought I could eat or starve men into many virtues and vices and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cruelty than those that could do it with love.

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THE GREAT APP

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

7.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that serves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating birth, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with bustle, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Fortune—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave—"Man's Temptation," pictures for parents—the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost," the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the two characters as winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dress, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Factions, conclude our list of attractions.

Price \$2.50 a year; 2 copies \$4; 8 copies (and one gratis) \$16. Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as premiums. Single numbers for sale by the news-dealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

One of the most remarkable cases of eloquence on record has just transpired in the village of Gooseville. A man named George Rosseck, aged fifty-five, ran off with a German woman aged seventy-five. Both are married and have large families. What could possibly induce this pair to such a step is indeed a mystery. But such is life.

A man in Scotland has been sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for trying to gain admission into a Masonic Lodge when he was not a member of the order.

JAMES JARRELL'S ENAMEL DE PARIS.
An Enameled and Denticulated Biscuit of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES

The warm and delicate beauties given in the most hasty and grained skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and experienced ladies. Highly popular and effective in all disfigurements, whether appearing as fresh and youthful, or as old and wrinkled. Most useful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madame Vestris, Mrs. D. P. Bowes-Lyon, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Emily Wilder and many other ladies in the theater have had great success with it. It is also a valuable article for the eyes, nose, and other external organs. It is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that are now in vogue. Address J. JARRELL, 117 Tenth St., Florida, Orders may also be addressed to JAMES JARRELL & CO., Florida. General Agents.

COTTON TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY
Dr. J. W. Pollock's
WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which it part derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURE
Soothes Ulcers, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Vending Urine, Swelling from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Gives a trial if you would learn the value of a good and safe Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold in Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
JOHN W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

HOLLY-WATER PLATE—imported and impervious of the blood. No medicine ever so discovered acts so direct and beneficially on that vital fluid as Holly-water. It cures all diseases of the skin and various glands and nerves, and gives tone to the circulation, and give tone to the whole system. Sold everywhere.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—The world's greatest Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Every Master and house-keeper must often act as a family physician in the numerous illnesses and accidents that occur among children and servants. For many of these cases I have used DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and consider it an indispensable article in the medicine box. In diarrhea, it has been used with great effect. For cuts and bruises it is invaluable.—N. Y. HERB.

No disappointment Never fails.

Cuts from 12 to 45 hours.
Swelling, Gout, Rheumatism, Gouty Disease, Rheumatism, Sciatica, &c.
Dusting Plaster.
Muscle-tension, Head, Head, and Skin Diseases.
Pectoral, &c.
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express, &c., age paid, to any address
paid by all the leading Druggists
March 1861.

WAGGONS & BROWN'S FIRE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Fifth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring House in Philadelphia. Their superior styles exceed all others in quality and materiality. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from is unequalled. They have a large stock of goods their house deservedly popular. In their Costume department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from is unequalled. They have a large stock of goods their house deservedly popular.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can fit with out difficulty.

Pista: First! First!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for it.

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Address, BETSY A. HANCOCK, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, \$2; two, \$5; twelve, \$24.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. A. Ferney, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, to Miss Lizzie J. Beauchamp, of this city.

On the 6th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kendall, Mr. DAVID T. MATTHEWS to Miss MARY E. LOWRY, both of this city.

On the 14th of March, by Friends, ceremony, in presence of the Brethren, JASPER KEPPIHIN to ELLIE VANCE.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Meredith, FRANCIS STAVIL to Miss MARY RADCLIFFE, both of New York.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Dicker, Mr. LYMAN D. WATERS to Miss MARY G. daughter of Sam'l B. Van Dusen, Esq., both of New York.

DEATHS.

Death notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, MARY ALICE, daughter of Wm. D. Lewis, Esq.

On the 2d instant, MARY JANE, wife of Chas. G. Rowan, in her 36th year.

On the 3d instant, LAYETTE, wife of Thomas S. Lester, Jr., in her 29th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. DAVID HOLME, in his 66th year.

On the 5th instant, SARAH FIELDEN, in her 44th year.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JOHN POTTS, in his 79th year.

On the 10th instant, HANNAH DODGE, in her 70th year.

On the 11th instant, JOHN A. ROBINSON, in his 45th year.

On the 12th instant, BENJAMIN HELLMAN, in his 51st year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon, from the Greek word "Katharos," or "Katharos," signifying to cleanse, purify and restore. This article is the most efficient and safe remedy for removing and beautifying the human hair. It is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again coined and put up by the original process, and is made with the same care, and attention, which gives it a use of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.

It eradiates scurf and dandruff.

It keeps the hair soft, pliable, and glossy.

It prevents the hair from fading off and turning gray.

It restores hair to bold heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair, will find Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world, used by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delicate and refined beauty preparation ever discovered. It causes the skin to have a pearly white texture of ravishing beauty imparting the marble purity of youth, and the墩ess appearance so inviting in the citrines of fashion. It is a true perfume, from the flowers and leaves of the skin, leaving the complexion fresh transparent and smooth. It contains no metallic impurities to the skin. Patronized by actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., New York.

We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustard Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for the cure of all skin diseases.

It cures the following: Ulcers, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Gout, Joint and Rheumatic Pains, and all skin diseases. It is a real magic. We use no other Liniment.

J. W. HEWITT.

For use for America, West Indies, and Europe.
1000 boxes.

Gentlemen.—I had a large sum worth \$1,000 who took sick from a bad heart, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustard Liniment. It had a great effect, and now I can new take the above sum. Yours truly,

JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Person, Teacher, and Family should have this invaluable article. Each Wrapper will bear, after the signature of the Proprietor, and W. W. Hartman, Manufacturer, with the words, "Trade Mark." It is a true Medicine, and a real Liniment. It cures, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork Boxes of counterfeits. It is used by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy no other.

DEMAS S. BARNES & CO., Proprietors, New York.

LOW-PRICED PIANO-FORTE BOOKS.

Containing Instruction, Etudes and Choice Music. Model Schools for Piano, \$1.50. Whistery Perfect Guide for the Piano. Designed to impart a knowledge of Piano Playing without the aid of a teacher. The Child's First Book for the Piano. The Piano without a Master, \$5. Howes Piano, \$6. Webster's Piano, \$6.—each containing, in addition to instructions a choice collection of music. Mailed, post-paid.

OLIVER DUTTON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL, AMUSING
AND PROFITABLE.—Agents wanted. Enclose Three cent stamp and receive by return mail full particulars and a gift.

Address, CAMERON & CO.,
146 Broadway St., New York

spc-45

Rates of Advertising.

Prints sent a line for each insertion.

CP Payment is required in advance.

United States Steel Pen Works.

Factory, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.,
STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS,

WAREHOUSE:
405 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA;
40 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

These Celebrated Pens are of genuine American Manufacture, and comprise every leading style in Pens. Made and arranged in such a elastic and durable point, as to gain the confidence of the American public.

Samples and Prices on Application.

Letts Made to Order, of any Pattern or Stamp
required.

For sale to the Trade at the Manufacturer's Ware-
house, as above, and at retail by all Stationers,
Booksellers and News Dealers in the U. S.
R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

april-15

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson.)

19 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board
of Brokers and privately.

7-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand,
and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES
promptly attended to.

CURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all
the Loyall States and Canada.

DRAFFS furnished on all reasonable points.

Myself

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

april-15

WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

NO. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 701 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable im-
provements, at the following schedule of prices:

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$64

Half Case, Plain. 75

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 75

Full Case, Plain. 90

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 90

With Drawers. 100

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 100

No. 5 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 100

With Drawers. 110

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 110

No. 7 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 100

With Drawers. 110

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 110

No. 9 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 100

With Drawers. 110

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 110

No. 11 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 100

With Drawers. 110

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 110

No. 13 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

Full Case, Plain, Black Walnut or Mahogany. 100

With Drawers. 110

Full Case, Plain, Polished, Rosewood. 110

No. 15 Machine, with

Plain Table. \$75

Half Case, Plain. 85

Half Case, Plain, Round Walnut or Mahogany. 85

Full Case, Plain. 100

WIT AND HUMOR.

Getting and Holding Money.

On this topic of general concern, Corry O'Lanu, the Brooklyn Eagle sage, discourses with his usual gravity, as follows:

Every man his own landlord is a capital doctrine.

I should have adopted it myself long ago, but for want of capital.

This is the difficulty with most tenants.

All the real estate I own is located in a dozen flower pots, which Mrs. O'Lanu devotes to the cultivation of geraniums, verbena, cactuses and other ornamental vegetables.

There is not enough for a building lot, and it can be only regarded as a movable estate.

The earth is man's inheritance, but I have not come in for any share of it yet.

Some relatives has got the title deeds to my estate, and won't give them up till I can raise money enough to redeem them.

My father neglected to leave me a fortune, a habit which runs in our family.

From present appearances, think I shall hand it down to my posterity.

As Shakespeare observes, some men are born poor, some acquire poverty, and others have poverty thrust upon them.

The O'Lanus were always distinguished for their ability to spend all they could get; all my rich uncles died before they made their fortunes.

Getting rich only involves two questions.

First, get money; second, hold on to it.

I understand the principle first rate.

As soon as I can accomplish the first condition, I am going to try my hand at the second.

When you're married, Mrs. O'Lanu and myself passed a joint resolution that we would get rich.

Getting the furniture took all our capital in hand, but I was to give Mrs. O'Lanu all the money I got, she was to buy only what we wanted, and put the rest in the Savings Bank.

The first year we wanted more than we could buy, and the bank account came out without a balance.

The next year my salary was increased.

So was the family.

Likewise the expenses.

Bank account as year before.

Third year, ditto.

We continued to accumulate at the same rate for several years in succession.

Then the war broke out, and we concluded not to put money in the bank for the present, because things were then so uncertain.

Since then, living has been high, and we have concluded to postpone the accumulation of a fortune until the income tax is abolished, and groceries become reasonable.

Just the Miss.

An unfortunate actor who had, for the want of friends, been compelled to tramp some hundreds of miles, finally brought up to Louisville, Kentucky, where the eccentric Mr. Duke was manager. The actor appeared before the manager, who surveyed the unfortunate son of Theseus from head to foot. He told him that his broken-down appearance was not in his favor. However, after undergoing the scrutiny, the following dialogue occurred:

Actor—I want an engagement; will you have me?

Manager—No.

Actor—Hump (turning indignantly on his heel).

Manager—Stop. What can you do?

Actor (still indignant)—I can't do anything.

Manager—You can't.

Actor—Stop, I want you. I have got plenty of young men who can do everything. I want one that can't do anything. I will give twenty dollars per week.

The actor accepted, remained in the theatre for years, and became one of the most valuable members of the company.

A Family Coat of Arms.

A story is told of a millionaire of New York who was importuned by his ambitious wife to have the family coat of arms embossed upon the panels of their new carriage. At length the gentleman consented to gratify her, saying he would strict the donor himself. Taking a pen, the millionaire drew something resembling a small mound; by it was stuck a mason's lock, and upon the lock was perched Chancillon, rampant.

"Why, what is this?" asked madam, in amazement.

"This," said the man of money, "is our family coat of arms. My grandfather made his money caring masons in Brooklyn, and invested it in real estate in New York. Now listen to the explanation of the arms. This mound and lock represent my grandfather's occupation; the rock perched upon the top of the rock represents myself, who have done nothing but lay my wings and crow on that dunghill ever since."

It is almost unnecessary to state that this decidedly original coat of arms was never painted upon the millionaire's carriage, which has a plain panel to the date.

ANOTHER JOHN AT MAN'S VICTORY.—A Paris letter says: There being a great fancy now for China, the wags are declaring that a number of the lady leaders of the gay world, having determined to revenge themselves on the partisans for their exclusion from our favorite "cavalcade" of the day, have held various meetings with a view to the formation of a Femina Club, from which all males should be rigidly excluded; but that, owing to the preliminary adoption of a resolution, declaring that the office of the President should be held by the oldest member, and that of Secretary by the youngest, it having been decided to have a President, and every one of the members claiming the right to be the Secretary.

A COURTEZ LAD, who recently visited the city for the first time, gave his views of the ladies in this way: "Somewhere in every circumference of silk and velvet that wriggles along there's a woman, I suppose, but how much of the bolder is filled in with meat, and how much is gammon, the question does no. A fellow marries a wife, and finds, when it comes to the place, that he has 'meat' in his arms but 'veg'osity.' If meat is pay dearness, won't it be in aid of the female that dresses for a hundred and forty weight, but hasn't ready so much fat on her as would grease a griddle?"—all the apertures plump, thin consisting of cotton and whalebone.



TWO MAY BE COMPANY, THREE ARE NONE.

EMILY AND FRED HAVE ARRANGED TO TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER, PART OF THE WAY.

POLITE RAILWAY GUARD cuts in (supposing E. unprotected).—"There's a lady in the next carriage, miss."

[Emily doesn't seem to see it.]

A Natural Mistake.

LADY.—You own the property, Mrs. Van Dunes street?

LANDLORD.—Yes'om.

LADY.—It is to PEB?

LAND.—Oh' em.

LADY.—How much?

LAND.—\$1,500.

LADY.—\$1,500! You mistake. I don't wish to buy the house—I wish to rent it.

JUDICIOUS COOL.—The New Bedford Standard tells the following:

A friend of ours who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the variolous, left his boarding house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he "entertained no personal hostility towards the house, but that he did not wish to associate with the founders."

PRINTING ANTIQUES THE ROMANE.—Durrell believes, and brings up a mass of evidence to sustain him, that the art of printing was known to the Romans, but that they rejected it as unsuited to their civilization, and that the Englishmen were bitterly opposed to it, so in it they recognized a powerful enemy to their tyranny. They did, however, make use of it on a small scale. The Emperor Constantine had a stamp on which was engraved or carved the letters of his name, and he made occasional use of this for signing documents. Theodoric did the same.

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grows—drawn by capillary attraction, the arrangement of the valves being such that it cannot return by internal channels. Hence its return flow is between the bark and wood, and partially in the new wood of last year's formation, popularly known as heart wood, leaving only a few rings of the outer growth that admit of a downward current.

Usually, after about the third year of formation, the outer, or outer, or sap wood of most deciduous trees assumes heart wood habits, leaving only a few rings of the outer growth that admit of a downward current.

If any farmer cares to make a satisfactory experiment showing which way water runs radient through wood, he can do so very cheaply. Let him cut in couples, sections fence-post length the woods usually used for post purposes—place them on end in the shade, one of each butt end upwards, and then on the upper end of each lay a sponge saturated with water. If he finds the top ends wet, then reverse in setting, but if he finds the sponge dry, then water runs radiently through the wood.

The facts of finding fence posts set top end down, after twenty-five years' service, sound, and others set the reverse way rotten, after five years, is no test. There may have been fifty other influences actively at work other than those of position.

We should as soon think of advising the reversing of a road to carry off rain best, or turning an umbrella topsy turvy for shelter, as of setting timber top end down to ensure lasting quality.

Charcoal the bottoms of fence posts, unless we could char them entirely through, and at the same time preserve their strength unimpaired, is of no earthly utility. On the contrary, a great damage. We have broken up by burning in five minutes the outer defenses that would have fought off rot for five years. A foolish coating of coal tar would be the best possible plan to insure lasting quality.

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